

This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the arrival in Queretaro, Mexico, of Maximilian's army. He attempted to escape, but was betrayed, and the one-time self-styled Emperor of Mexico was shot. His wife, Carlotta, became insane from worry over her royal husband's misfortune. Maximilian's body was interred in the royal vault in Vienna.

A REAL AMERICAN ROMANCE

### Honora Decides to Stay When Tom Calls, But Mildred Amazes Them by Her Reception of the Soldier.

left the room.

vent trouble if I can.

"I do not see," she muttered to

berself when she was again alone,

why I should quarrel with Milly

unless it is necessary to do so. If

she does not feel sufficient loyalty

to her flance for her to see matters

from his viewpoint, I cannot make

her do it. But I do intend to pre-

This determination was still up-

permost in Honorg's mind when, an

hour later, Mildred appeared at

dinner wearing a new frock-a

light blue creation, that enhanced

Mrs. Higgins looked at the

younger girl with a playful smile,

We are expecting a caller tonight.

meaningly at her sister, who did

"Yes," Mildred admitted, glancing

"Then. Honors." Mrs. Higgins

proposed, "you and I can have our

little after dinner talk in my room

when she spoke her voice was low-

She Decides to Stay.

I think it would be better if you

and I stayed below-stairs and help-

ed Milly entertain. Tom Chandler,

who is in the army, you know, is

in town. He has asked permission

to call this evening, and we girls

have decided that we should make

all men in the service welcome. And

as we cannot begin too soon it

would be kind, I think, if you and

Mildred gasped and stared at her

sister in amazement. But Honora

only smiled and went on eating her

"That's a very nice idea!" Mrs. Higgins approved. "But, my dear,

I think that, if you will excuse me,

I'll go upstairs and leave you young

folks to chat together. Poor young

Chandler! I suppose he wants to

talk things over with old friends."

this and the meal was finished in

comparative silence. It was evident

to Honora that Mildred was for

the time baffled, and at a loss as to

how to extricate herself from an

"Honora," she demanded when,

Mrs. Higgins having gone upstairs,

the Iwo sisters were left alone to-

gether, "will you kindly explain

this new idea of yours? What does

"Simply that if Tom Chandler

comes here and you make him and

other men in the service welcome,

it is my privilege to do the same,'

was the gentle response. "If men

in uniform come here we must

show them that they are welcome.

You said that yourself. Do you

mind my being here when Tom

At 8 o'clock Tom Chandler ar-

rived. In his close-fitting uniform

he was better looking than ever be-

fore. Honora admitted this to her-

self as she rose to greet him. Out-

straightened his shoulders. He

seized both the hands that Mildred

extended to him, and shook hands

"This is an unexpected pleasure,"

"It is one that all callers in uni-

Then, taking up her knitting, she

form may expect," was the demure

joined in the tall; of home and camp

affairs with so much zest that she

compelled the surprised admiration

of the caller and incurred the re-

To be Continued.

HINTS FOR THE

To freshen a carpet, rub over

with a cloth wrung out in a pail of

cold water to which had been added

When grease spots appear on the

wallpaper, lay coarse brown paper

over them and pass a hot iron over

it. Fresh paper may be needed

After washing flannel or woolen

goods, dry them as quickly as pos-

sible, preferably in a fairly strong

wind. This will go a long way

toward preventing them from

To clean the leaves of house

plants, apply equal parts of milk

and lukewarm water gently with a

sponge. This should be done at

plants in good condition.

least once a week to keep the

A very little borax added to the

water used for washing the hands

is excellent, as also is oatmeal

rubbed on the hands after drying.

All that is necessary is to plunge

one's hands into the oatmeal jar,

The best meat to eat in cold

weather is mutton, owing to its

Deep breathing in cold weather,

The cause of chilbiains is not the

external cold, but the poorness of

Taking An Ell.

gathered to do him honor, could

for the afternoon, uncle," he said.

refuse him nothing. So he made

Young Joyride was home on leave,

the doting family and relations

You might let me have your car

"All right, my boy; you can take

"And I say, uncle," said the youth,

"can you let me have the price of

through the nose, will make you

then wipe on a clean towel.

high heating value:

appreciably warmer?

the internal circulation?

hay while the sun shone.

a couple of fines or so?"

several times if the spot is large.

a tablespoonful of vinegar.

shrinking.

HOUEHOLD

sentment of her little sister.

formallly with Honora.

he declared.

of-door life had cleared his face and

comes?" she asked suddenly.

But Mildred did not answer.

embarrassing position.

it mean?"

Conversation languished after

Taken completely off her guard.

I'added our welcome to Milly's."

"I'm afraid not tonight," she said.

Honora hesitated an instant, and

the brilliancy of her coloring.

I see," she commented archly.

not return the signal-"we nee."

By Virginia Terhune Van | stairs to read until dinner time, and de Water. CHAPTER XLVII.

(Copyright 1919, Star Company.) TAVING reached her decision, Honora went slowly upstairs, summoning her courage to perform the self-as-

When she reached her room Mildred was standing before her mirrer arranging her hair. She turned and smiled as Honora entered. Apparently the younger girl land forgotten the recent dispute or was eager to ignore it.

Honora, however, was resolved to confirm herself in her own con-

"I do not think, Milly," she said firmly, "that you were quite just -fied in telling Tom Chandler that he could come to see you-I mean In encouraging his attentions while you are engaged to some one else." "I think I was. That's where you and I differ," the sister resuonded, "I may not have the teneer conscience that you have, but since he knows that I am engaged to Arthur, and since he is an old friend, anyway, I fail to see what your objection can be. "Of course," Honora steadied her

voice, "you are going to tell Arthur that Tom is coming? "Indeed I am not!" Mildred declared. "In the first place, Arthur is not at home. He's gone down to Bridgeport on business and will not

get back until late this evening. If fom wants to come and chat with me this evening, I see no reason why he should not do so." A Change of Tactics,

Honora changed her tactics. She did not want to anger Mildred. "So," she teased, "while the cat's away this little mouse"-But Mildred interrupted, her eyes

flashing angrily. "While the United States is at

war," she unnounced, "I am going to do everything I can to make things pleasant for the men who are fighting for us. I do not feel that my duty stops at knitting and Red Cross work. Any man in uniform is going to be welcome in this house whenever I choose him to be. It is my home as well as yours, please remember. If Arthur objects to this plan of mine, there is a very easy and simple way in which he can alter the present state of affairs."

"And that is"-Honora began, But the excited girl interrupted her. "That is by enlisting and playing a man's part!" she exclaimed. Honora reddened, started to retort, then closed her lips. Picking up a book from the table, she re-

marked that she was going down-

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

JOU remember in the last story I left off at the place where Puss Junior had said good night to the farmer and his wife, because it was so late and he didn't want to sit up any longer to finish his story of adventure. Well, the next evening after supper he commenced where he had left off. He was telling them about Rapunsel and how the wicked witch

had carried her away to the desert. "Of course," said Puss Junior, "when Tom Thumb and I reached the woods after climbing down from the tower, we looked in vain for Repunsel. By and by we heard a footstep, and whom should we ome across but the Prince who was in love with her. But, alas! the poor fellow had lost his eye-

"You see, the wicked witch had discovered him in the tower with Rapunsel, so he had leaped from the tower into a bramble patch and had lost his sight.

"Well, as I was saying, as soon as we came up to the poor blind Prince he turned to us and said: Have you seen my beloved Rapunsel?" "We are seeking her ourscives,' I answered, and then I told him about the wicked witch, and after that we three set out together to find the lost Rapunsel, and after many days of travel we came to a desert.

"Tom Thumb, who had wandered eff some distance, suddenly shouted, \* see camels approaching. Let us wait. Perhaps they will carry us across this sandy sea!" "After a while the camels drew

near and we saw there were three one for each of us, and when they came up to where we waited they knelt down for us to mount, which we did, after lifting up Tom Thumb. for he was so small he could not look over a toadstool. Then we set out to cross the desert. The sun beat down and burned our faces and the sand blew and blinded our eyes, but still we pressed forward, and after a long time we came in sight of an oasis.

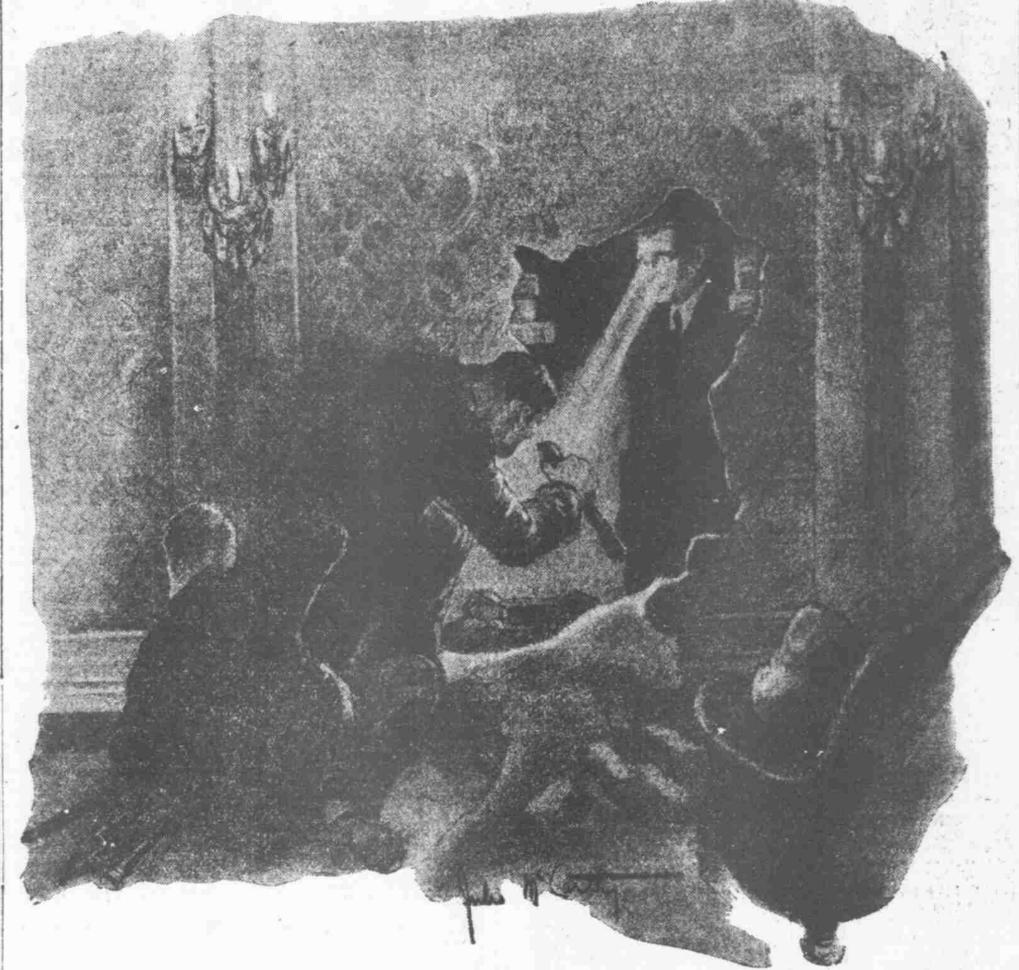
"As we drew near the cluster of paim trees we saw a woman standing on the edge of the sand looking toward us. And no sooner had we come up to where she stood than she gave a cry of joy, and the Prince, on hearing her voice, shouted, 'Rapunsel! Rapunsel!'

"Then he leaped from off his camel and folded her in his arms. punsel was so happy at finding her Prince that tears of joy fell from her eyes, and some of these touched his eyes and made them well again. "Then we mounted the cantels and made off towards the castle, which we reached in safely that evening."

(Copyright 1919, David Cory.) To Be Continued.

# The Heart Breaker THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES By GUY DE TERAMOND.

The Strangest Story You Ever Read



The steel plate yielded, the safe opened, and Delorme sprang, to his feet, confronting the burglars.

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Lucien Delorme presents letters of Introduction to Mime. Armelin and registers at her boarding house. He makes the goughniance of Mrs. Tankrich American widow, and a Guatemalan general, Domingo y

Lopez.
Mrs. Tankery, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Mrs. Tankery is found dead in her room-murdered. After an investigaion Delorme's is suspected. Later Delorme's is released. The Baron Piucke meets Deforms

and reveals details of transaction he intends to carry out.

Meanwhile, the fame of the rare
jewels of the Cornte D'Abazoli-Viscosa excites considerable comment through-out Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "A" Band, plots to get them. They leave an adjoining apart-

Deforms comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for a loan, and to the surprise of the comite and his associates announces to them that the safe supposed to con-tain them is empty. The "A" band deeide to force an entrance to the safe

Delormo is seized while at the clothing is piled on the Quar Javel. Baron Plucke, financier, seeks aid ef Deforme in solving murder of a relaalmost identical with the lanker The Maharajah of Paud hukurrah manda an agent Plucke zecking to borrow \$15 000,000 on the royal jewels.

Burgiars break the safe and are

He would have been unable to say,

when he recovered his senses. He rummaged his clothing; he had neither matches nor watch. But he discovered that he breathed without difficulty, and, therefore. inferred that since the air in his hermetically closed prison was not yet rarefied, only a few hours had passed since he was confined in it. Suddenly he uttered a loud cry, and fell on his knes to thank God. He could doubt no longer someone was coming to his assistance-

he was saved. Men were working for his liberation-there were three of them-one very tall-the third much smaller than his companions-they seemed to be in feverish haste-they were making the stones fairly fly from the walls-they were attacking the sides of the safe.

What tools were they using?no sound reached his care but he saw them he distinguished their movements—they were advancing rapidly in their work of rescue. Suddenly the steel plate yielded, falling backward-the safe appeared to open-a blinding light

streamed from outside. Lucien Delorme sprang to his full height, faltering bewildered thanks. An exclamation of terror instant-

"We're in for it! \* \* Everyone for himself!" And, dropping their tools, the three men rushed toward the door as if the devil had just risen be-

Lucien Delorme looked around him; he found himself alone in an unfamiliar, unfurnished room: a powerful electric light, suspended

burning brilliantly. Where was he, and what did atl

this mean? But this was not the time to seck an answer. The principal thing was to be free. For an instant he thought of taking the same way as his deliverers. But he hesttated; what if some unknown spare

awaited him? Then he ran to the window, opened the fastening and, springing with one leap into the deserted street, fled into the darkness. The next morning, by the first

train, he returned to Eu. "I've had enough of my character of amateur detective," he said to himself, still trembling at the recollection of what had happened the evening before. "It's a far more dangerous trade than I supposed. and I won't be drawn into it again. To make investigations in the houses of people who shut you up in their safes! Let Baron Plucke henceforth unravel mysteries alone. It was by reading the story of the exploits of the wall-cutters, a few hours later, that he understood to what miraculous intervention he

owed his safety. But, when he had been in Eu three days, gradually recovering from his terrible emotions, he found himself one morning face to face with the commissary of police who. on seeing him, could not repress a

cry of amazement: "You?" he stammered-"so you're not dead""

"Why should I be dead? But you see that I am not!" "Of course!" replied the other-"but, administratively, that is no The letter I have received from Paris is formal. I am to inform Madame Delorme, with the utmost consideration, of the suicide "Of my suicide?"

In a few words the official told the young man of what had been found on the Quai de Javel. 'So, that's the way the comie and his accomplice found to account for my disappearance," murmured Lucien. "But," he continued aloud.

"what is to be done now " "Why, what always happens in such cases! Your decease will probably be inscribed upon the records of the municipality-then a decree will be necessary to obtain a rectification-all this is very an noying to you!-Listen," he added, "I'll give you a piece of advice; go to Paris, see the chief of the detective bureau, and explain what has occurred perhaps there may be time to attend to the matter!" "Well, I'll do it," replied young Delorms emphatically, "I'll go tomorrow and I'll take advantage of the apportunity to tell him something that will interest him. Oh, the wretches, they imagine they have done with me so easily. You have just reminded

me of my duty! I'll unmask these

criminals and deliver them to jus-

tice. I allowed myself to be pros-

trated for an instant, but I have

recovered all my courage. I shall

know how to avenge myself."

by a wire from the ceiling, was | And leaving his companion, who | to strike up an acquaintance with did not understand the meaning of these words, he went home at once to pack his valise, to the great astonishment of his mother who, after having heard him say the very evening before, that he would not leave En again, was troubled by so hasty a departure, fearing he was suddenly worse.

CHAPTER X.

Love, When Thou Dost Capture Us. At the whistle of the station master of Eu, the train which was to take Lucien Delorme to Paris began to move, when the door of the compartment in which he sat suddenly opened, and a woman

hastily entered. She wore a large dust coat of gray cloth, lined with plaid; a long beige veil, falling from her hat in full folds, covered her face, and she carried in her hand a small light

After taking out a book, she put the satchel in the net, removed her cloak and placed it by her side, for the morning was warm, and threw back her vell behind her shoulders, revealing her face.

While pretending to be absorbed in his newspaper, Lucien Delorme was looking closely at his companion, and could not help thinking her charming.

Her movements were lithe and graceful; her bearing was reserved looked small and trim in her light, tailor-made suit, which was stylish in spite of its simplicity.

As she seemed buried in reading her novel, he could notice at his leisure the harmonious regularity of her features, the luminous beauty of her large blue eyes, the golden hair that seemed like a tangle of sunbeams over her forehead, the delicacy of her hand, whose glove she had removed to be able to turn the pages of her book more easily, and the smallness of her feet in their high laced fawn boots, which

her short skirt displayed. "Who is she?" ch wondered, "Not an actress, certainly-a young socially girl would not be traveling alone in this way -a young married woman?-no. I see no wedding ring on her finger - A typewriter? - here are charming ones-the profession is so accessible now!-The mor! probable thing is that she has been spending a few days with relatives or friends and is going back to work-if I dared I would begin to talk with her-it would pass away the three hours of the journey very pleasantly, but how would she take it? She doesn't look easy to approach"

Juliette, on her part, missed none of his thoughts, divined his intentions and had no doubt concerning the attraction she was exerting on

Having reached Eu the evening before and, according to the comtes instructions, seeking at once to throw herself in his way, she hal seen him the very next morning go to the station and have his trunk registered for Paris.

She had no hesitation. She must take advantage of the opportunity him. And she had arranged her plan perfectly since, at the moment the train was starting, she had succeeded in springing into his compartment and was taking the journey alone with him. And, if he was wondering how he

could enter into conversation with her, she was trying to find some way of bringing it about Under these circumstances there must be the desired result at the first opportunity. . Chance occa-

Suddenly the car, in passing over a switch, was violently shaken, and the glass window of the door on the young girl's side fell, letting in the wind, which fluttered her weil. Before she could make a movement to close it Lucien Deforme had already sprung forward. "Mademoiselle, will you permit

And, after putting the window back in place, he continued, in an embarrassed tone: "Or Madame-pray excuse me if ein mistaken e \* e-

"Mademoiselle," she answeed. But the young man did not return to his corner and, taking a

seat opposite to his companion, exclaimed "How can you read with this continual jarring. We are going at leas eighty miles an hour-the

eves!" "Yes, they do!" she sighed-"but one must be occupied in some way, or the journey would seem too long!"

letters must dance before your

She half closed her book, and began to look absently at the landscape fleeting along the horizon; but the conversation had progressed too far for Lucien Delorme to drop it so quickly. "Have you been in Eo, Made-

moiselle" he said after a moment's silence. "No-I have come from Onival. where I spent a fortnight with an aunt who invited me to make her a visit! But, O dear, vacation days pass so much more quickly than others. Almost before one has had time for a little pleasure,

"To put on the yoke of poverty "Oh, poverty!" she protested gaily-"not exactly-my life is not so hard!"

one must think of going back to

"What do you do, then." "Nothing. When I say nothing." she instantly corrected herself. "it's a form of speech, for I have the responsibility of my father's housekeeping- a small household, for we two live alone togetherbut that does not prevent having

"And am I indiscret in asking your father's business?" "He is cashier in a large bank," "And has he no vacations, that he sends you to take yours alone men in this new town come to call

The girl had tossed the book upon the seat by her side. (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

# Parents, Advertise!

THERE IS NEED OF MORE PUBLICITY

### No Greater Business Than That of Promoting the Welfare of the Young People

By Dr. W. A. McKeever. One of the Nation's Best-Known Socialogical Writers.

HERE is a general conviction among all juvenile welfare workers that there is need of far better means of publicity than they now enjoy. In a thousand places mothers' clubs, parentteacher associations, and others of their class are doing excellent things and all the time planning still better things, but the world at large knows too little about their

The great war has shown us the meaning of publicity as we never before understood it. Indeed, what was called propaganda probably played a bigger part than guns in the final outcome. Especially during the last year, of the struggle, by means of publicity the people were first informed, then led, and at last literally driven through the force of their newly awakened conscience. Well-prepared news items, posters, placards, and motion pictures did the work.

Now the workers in behalf of young humanity must certainly fall behind the procession unless they make use of this new agency of publicity. Every form of society of the kind needs an able publicity agent even more than it needs a first-class president-some one who can take every little important hicident of the meetings and render it into a news item that will be worthy of a conspicuous headline A few live-wire, child-fostering societies are now running attractive advertisements in advance of their

One large women's club has hit upon the idea of a poster campaign as propaganda for better child conditions. They have secured a large window space in the center of a business district, and therein they have been displaying their advertising material.

Large colored and decorated posters, attractive placards, interesting statistical data and terse one-sentence appeals in behalf the young-these are all arranged so conspicuously as to attract the notice of the throngs passing.

Now, supposing that a thousand thoughtful people view the poster window during a given week and

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Loved By a Widower.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Will you please help me to solve this serious question of marriage, my first betrothal at thirty-two to a man of

fifty, a widower, who buried his wife six months ago. I am a girl earning \$90 a month and have a little nest egg in an inherit-ance that befell me, all of which my intended knows. From the very first so constantly pleaded, loved and kept on my track, that I hopelessly gave in and said the fated "Yes." Now I plead to wait until I am sure and in the meantime this man is showering so many courtesies on my mother an all relatives in general that at last I begin to feel duty bound out of appreciation to marry him.

My folks tell me he is too eld and

marrying me for a home and support in his declining days, yet they are nice to him and respect him, as he is very gentlemanly and generous. Dear Miss Fairfax, this has been going on only four months, this perplexing game, but t is still a puzzle. Do you think he s sincere? It some one can only namer this candidly, for all my folks think it impossible for a man to lay away his mate for twenty-four years of wedded life and soar into leve again like he does. And they do not feel that it is best for me, who has everything financially, and he nothing. He is pressing for a speedy marriage. ONE WHO DOES NOT KNOW.

I should say that you alone can determine the sincerity of your lover, and that you should take plenty of time to do it. Don't allow yourself to be pressed and hurried into a marriage against your will. There may be many reasons in favor of your marrying this man, but wait until you are in love with him. Marriage should be a sincere, independent action, not acquiescence in the wishes of one's family, or even of one's lover.

Flirted, But Is Sorry. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX!

Last summer I met a young lady brough a firtation. I took her home through a fliriation. I took her heme and asked if I could call, and she said res. Since then I have seen her nearly every wook for nearly six months. I care for her and I think she cares for me, but the always remembers the way we first mel and worries about it. I have been to her house many times and have seen her parents, but of course they don't know the way we Do you think she is right in worry-ing over such a trifle? T S. N.

It isn't a trifle when a sensitive girl falls below her own standards of conduct, and she naturally feels ashamed of it for a long time afterward. However, nothing is accomplished by prolonged brooding over mistakes, and I think your friend should now happily accept the fact of the congenial friendship with you, without any disturbing reserva-

Know No Young Men. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My sister and L twenty and eighteen, respectively, have moved to a strange town and have no means of getting acquainted with any young men. We would like you to advise us, as we do not care to make acquaintances Aren't you a little impatient? Newcomers are not supposed to make the first advances, so I think you will have to wait until the mothers and sisters of the young

ing to church.

conviction as to some juvenile need. Read this poster: This City Has-

357 saloons Annual cost \$3,000,000. 3 Public Playgrounds Annual Cost \$3,000. Are you to blame for this disgrace? Will you help to remove it?" Of course, the new Federal amendment will do away with the liquor

curse, but this is an example of

forcible advertising. This new form of welfare prepaganda is to be one of the conspicuous weapons for offensive and tefensive campaigning in behalf of the young. Posters and placards which attack the saloon, the brothal, gambling, the cigarette and other enemies of the young are to be displayed beside those which appeal for constructive measures. All this is appropriately decorated with flags, picture masterpieces, and

other adornments. Finally, since there is no greater business than that of promoting the welfare of the children and young people, let us drop our seventeenth century methods and bring our plans and purposes out into the modern limelight by means of wise publicity.

# Conversation at Meals

By Loretto C. Lynch.

V HAT does your family talk about when seated at table? Perhaps you are so clone to them that you do not or have not noticed. But let an outsider come to your home. Recently I have been one of the outsiders in some one else's home. It wasn't a home for invalids. It was just the home of a nice, ordinary, every-day

The linen was immaculate. The china was so pretty and the glass and silver just glistened. Particular care was taken to serve the conservation dishes in company

style, for I was company. One day a new guest was anlounced, and when Mrs. Meyer came in I noticed that the new guest did not seem to receive so cordial a welcome as some of the rest of us. She was pale and looked quite disagreeable. In reply to someone's "Lovely weather," we were treated to "Nice for some people, but when one has been through the operation I've been through good or had

weather makes little difference." Have you ever seen anyone pour oil upon a flaming faggot? It was like one of these that Aunt Mary's face lighted up! At last some one

who had had an operation had come to the house! "Oh, yes," remarked our newest invalid, "they wanted to operate on me at 5 one morning, but I said I would not allow anyone to operate on me until my husband came. And then," she continued, eagerly, "they

gave me a bath and rolled me off the bed onto the stretcher." But at this point Aunt Mary interrupted with: "Did it take you long to become unconscious? You know, it took me hours-the doctor said he never had handled anyone as strong as I---

Every day we poer innocents who couldn't boast of a single operation -even a teeny weeny bit of a onewere treated to all the gruesome details of operations. Some days when we were just bubbling to talk about General Pershing and Mary Brown's newest sweetheart and the price of the latest shoes, we were a mere audience in a world of cuts and heals and adhesions and

Then there is another variety of convergation which ought to be tabee at the family dinner. That is the subject of the high cost of Mying. Do you know the woman who scowls when you are just about to open your mouth overly wide to induct a tempting morsel of food and says, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Don't know how I can go on feeding you people-food is so high and no one here seems to appreciate how I must pinch and save and scrape to make ends meet."

In these days of modern ruch, the American family meet none too often, and when they do meet it should be an hour of happiness and

pleasure. Have you ever thought seriously as to why that prosperous Mr. Brown, with a perfectly nice wife and three children, takes that homely manicurist out to dinner accasionally? No; he is not the typical villain of the movie, and he probably has only a bit of friendly emotion toward the lady, but he finds her conversation pleasant and her manner cheerful. A meal in pleasant company has a decided tonic ef-

And so, Mrs. Housewife, you take a strong hand. Insist, tactfully, of course, that there is cheerfulness around the family board, and your folks will get much more value out of the food you find ever more difficult to provide.

Alice, Where Art Thou? A group of housewives were hav-

ing tea together at a restaurant, and talking over the events of the day. The question under discussion was to who had done mest to win the war. Some said Haig, others Beatty, others Fech.

"I don't know who's done most to win the war," she said: "but know who's been most talked

At last one woman chipped in.

"Who's that?" came a chorus. "Why, this 'ere Alice Lorraine upon you, or until you meet them that the French and Germans came through joining some club or go. to blows over!"